Vol. III. Numb. 13.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amusements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the most

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domestick.

Perform'd by some of the Society of GENTLEMEN, that were Concern'd in the First VOLUME.

From Monday April 24th. to Wednesday April 26th. 1710.

Q. GENTLEMEN, *Not being Ignorant of the wonderful Progress in* Theology, *as well as in all other parts of Litterature, which you have already made, I Humbly desire you to Reconcile to me your Petitioner, these two seeming Contradictions in the Book of* Job, *where* Job's *Sufferings are at large set down, he, for his Magnanimity and Patience in undergoing the same, has ever since been stiled the most Patient Man, but whereas in the* 3d. Chap. *of the said Book he has in such impious Expressions not only Cursed the Day and Hour of his Birth,* &c. *but most Sacriligiously and Prophanely abused and called in Question the Justice of God. I say these Expressions seem to detract very much from that Glorious Character he bears. For I Humbly conceive that we, as frail as we are, could not in more bitter Expressions signify our Resentment and Indignation, Especially, if we consider the apparent advantage he had over us, in having Angels to administer to him, who reproved him for his Non-submission on the one Hand, and excited him to Patience on the other.* Yours, &c.

A. It is certainly consistent with the most Heroick Patience to be sensible of Misery and to express it. A true Religious Patience do's not pretend to the Romantic Bravery of the *Stoicks*, of not feeling the Pain of the Rack, or of being easy and composed under the most violent Torments. Our Saviour himself cou'd say, *let this Cup pass from me*; and *Jeremiah*, and *Habakkuk* did, as well as *Job*, wish they had never been Born: And *Jonah* impatiently wished that he might Dye. The most Sanctictified Reason may give way to the Infirmity of Nature, so that Grief may vent itself in Complaints, which in the Presence of Friends are thought to allay the Bitterness of it. Notwithstanding *Job*, in all this Discourse of his, shews but by a bare ineffectual and conditional *Volition* (as School-men Speak) a desire not to have been Born: But there can be no Objection made against his absolute and effectual Resolution of submitting to the Dispensations of Divine Providence. Neither is it so much the Tranquility and Composure of his Mind, as the stedfastness of his Integrity under his Sufferings that got him the Character of a most Patient Man. It is not to be denied that he was too far Transported by the Infirmity of his Passion. He himself acknowledges it (Chap. 42. Ver. 3.) but the Virtue of his Patience was seen in this, that he did not give *Satan* an Occasion to boast that he had praised God in Vain. But yet unless we take his Words in the most rigid Sense, it cannot be said he asserted any Thing that was impious. But as for the advantage the Querist says he had from the Assistance of Angels, we must Confess we meet with none such in this whole Story; unless he means *Jobs* three Friends, who are styled by himself *Miserable Comforters*, and Served only to aggravate his Afflictions. 'Tis true God himself Speaks to *Job*, but that is at the Conclusion of his Sufferings.

Q. Gentlemen, *The Moralists pretend that the Law of Nature is easily discoverable and most manifestly demonstrable by the Light of Nature. If so why do's the Scripture so particularly deliver the Precepts of it since that seems Superfluous.*

A. Whether the Law of Nature be plain or obscure in itself, it is certainly a great Consolation to us and a mighty Confirmation of that Law, to find, that the natural Assent of Humane Reason, as to the certainty of it, is strengthened by the Evidence of Divine Testimony. Besides, tho' the First Principles of the Law of Nature must be granted to be very easy, and none Ignorant of them; yet since Human Actions are Conversant about such Things as are attended with a great variety of Circumstances, which occasion Men to judge differently concerning what ought to be done, it was very convenient, that the Law of God shou'd give several particular Determinations, in Order to help our Weakness therein. For in things of this Nature we know that the natural Understanding of several whole Nations has been so darkened, that they cou'd not discern some very gross Immoralities to be Sinful. Again, by the Precepts of the Law of

Nature being thus manifestly declared to Mankind by God himself, there is the greatest Curb laid upon the Perverse Disposition of some Men, who might pretend that the Light of Nature is not clear enough to lay Men under a positive Obligation to such and such Duties, or that Human Reason is not able to distinguish Good from Evil. But now by the manifest Revelation of God, there is no Room left for such Excuses.

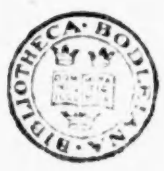
Q. Gentlemen, Ferdinand Alvares, *Secretary to the Store-house of the* Indians, *says, he saw a Young* Merman *come out of the Water to steal Fishes from the Fishermen, and Eat 'em. In our* English *Chronicles, it is recorded a* Man-Fish *was taken in* Suffolk, *kept six Months on shore, and then stole again to Sea. But the most Memorable and Authentic Story, that I know of this kind, is the* Mermaid *taken by some* Milk-maids, *in* Dermet-mere *near* Campen *in* 1403. *Her Picture hangs in the Town-house of* Harlem, *with a Subscription in Gold-letters, of the time when she was Taken, how long she Lived, when she Dyed, and in what Church Buried. A more particular Relation may be found in the History of the* Netherlands. *As, a Description of her Person, her Learning to Spin, and shewing Devotion at Prayers; and when Women came, for their Diversion, to the Town-house, where she was kept, to Spin with her, she wou'd Laugh, and signify by signs she knew their meaning in some sort, tho' she could never be taught to Speak; with other particulars too many to Ennumerate. But not a Word of that fine Singing common Fame reports of these Creatures.*

Now, Gentlemen, *I wou'd desire you to inform me, of the Credit of this last Story, and whether the being* Mermen *and* Mermaids *is not a meer Fable, for I cannot persuade my self to believe there ever were such Creatures, and chiefly for this Reason, that none in our time has seen any, that ever I heard off. And it is plain to me if there had been such in past times, there wou'd be such now, and surely then some or other must have seen them.*

A. The Story of the *Harlem Mermaid*, is Attested by Historians of so good Credit, that it wou'd be Injustice not to believe them. It is not to be wondred that a Creature having so much of Human shape shou'd have Reason enough to be made capable of appearing Devout, when a Grave Historian tells us of a very Devout *Dog* at *Corbie* in the Year 897, that Assisted at Mass with great Reverence and Modesty, and in all the Decent Postures. He Religiously observed Fish and Fast-days, and bit such *Dogs* as Pissed against the Walls of the Church, or Barked during Divine Service. There can be no doubt made but that there are such Creatures as *Mermaids*, being frequently mentioned by Ancient Writers under the Name of *Tritons* and *Syrens*. Whether there are any Testimonies of Modern Authors concerning them we have not had leisure to Examine. The latest Instance of any that we remember in our Reading, is Related by *Gassendus* in his Life of *Peireski*. " That Noble and " Curious Person (says this Learned Author) be- " ing Informed of a *Merman*, which was seen at " *Belle-Isle* in *France*, procured *Henricus Gondius*, " Governor of the *Isles*, to make Enquiry, and " Certify him concerning it. Now the Informati- " on was, that as much as was seen of him, " was in the shape of a Man, only the " shortness of his Arms was not proportioned to " the thickness of his Body. His Hands were also " disproportionately large, and very White in the " Palms. He had thick white Hair hanging down " over his Shoulders, and a Beard reaching down " to his Stomach. His Eyes were great and fierce. " His Skin as far as cou'd be discerned rough, neither white nor black. He was reported to have " been at first delighted at the approach of the Ves- " sels, with the Sight of Men and Women and " light coloured Clothes; so that he suffered him- " self to be inclosed in the Nets; but as soon as " they began to use Violence, in endeavouring to " draw him forth, and before it could be discerned " of what shape he was below the Navel, he easily " brake through the Nets and over turned the Ves- " sel. Afterwards he appeared at a great distance " off, Sunning himself upon some inaccessible " Rocks, his lower Parts being always covered " with Water; sometimes clapping his Hands and " making a hissing Noise, which was supposed to " be his manner of Laughter. Which Custom he " continued, till some Body shot at him with a " Musquet Bullet, from which time forward " (whether frighted or killed) he was never more " seen. However it was reported, that there was " another seen which was supposed to be a Female " (because without a Beard) ending beneath with " a forked Tail, like that of a Salmon. We thought it wou'd not be unpleasant to give this Story at large to the Reader, since it is from an Author of undoubted Credit, and may serve not only to confirm our Belief that there are such Creatures, but also to give us an Idea of them. Besides, this thing happened within the Year, being as we collect, about 1636.

Q. Apollo, *I am very much in Love with a pretty Young Lady —— but let that pass, for I care not two pence if I never have her, my present Question being of far more consequence, which is a nice Ænigma in relation to the Compression of Air,* viz. *Suppose an Air-Gun be charg'd with such a quantity of Air, that it shall throw a Bullet at twenty Yards distance, through an Inch Board, what space will all that Air occupy, when at freedom in its natural Element? Now notwithstanding this Conceit cost me not a little Study to draw up in proper form, and perhaps the Solution may cost you as much, yet I question not, but* Apollo *is so good Humour'd as to yield to my Request, which is that he would Post-pone this in some future Paper, for the Introduction of the following. A Friend of mine was at a Man of Qualities Table, who haveing that day a Tenant in his House, that held a large Farm of him, and bringing up a considerable Sum of Money for Rent, my Lord ask'd him to sit down with him at his own Table, which the Country man, to excuse himself from, told him,* if it please your Grace, it were better if I Din'd with your Servants; *but my Lord D. still urg'd it, whilst he with repitition of the same Words, still excused himself, 'till at length he was prevail'd upon. Now when my Lord drunk to him, or any of the Company, to shew his Respect, he would constantly rise from his Chair and make a Bow; which my Lord observing, for a little Diversion, whisper'd his Page to pull away his Chair, the Country-man rising again, and missing his seat, to save himself, got hold of the Table Cloath, and drew most of the Dishes after him, so that one Lady had her Lap full of Soup, another of Sauce, and all on that side partook of something; the Country-fellow got up again, and without any concern, only said,* if it please your Grace, *I told you,* it were better if I Din'd with your Servants. *Now pray give your Opinion of this fellow's Genius, and whether he shew'd not a Presence of Mind by such an Answer.*

A. We will not charge the Incoherency of your Discourse on your want of Judgment, but on a fit of the Spleen; or why shou'd you trouble us with an account of your Amour, when you have no concern for it your self. The nature of your Question in relation to the compression of Air, requires our Post-poning of it, till you set it in a clearer Light,



Light; for 'till we know of what Wood your Board is, and whither Knotty, the Heart of the Tree, or outward Parts, we cannot Judge of the force of the Bullet, nor by Consequence, of the Quantity of Air, occasioning such Force. As to your Relation, concerning the Countryman's Adventure; a Gentleman of our Society, happen'd to be at the Table at that time, his Cloaths partaking of the Sauce of a Dish of Fish, and tho' there was much Damage done to Coats and Petticoats, yet the Diversion, the Accident Created, made full Satisfaction for the Injury. After Dinner, some disputes happen'd concerning the Fellow's Genius, on his Answer so a *propos*. But 'twas concluded, that his excuse was only on his unfitness for such Company, without one Thought relating to any thing might happen, and that his ready Answer therefore at last, was meerly Accidental, without any design of an acute Reflection.

POEMS.

Q. *FATAL Experience proves the Adage true,*
Man is to Trouble Born. *For sure this Orb*
Contains no Mortal Blest with perfect Peace;
For if that happiness could be attain'd,
My kindly Stars had destin'd it for me;
Blest with Indulgent Parents, Vigorous Health,
A Plenteous Fortune, and my Mind improv'd
With Liberal Sciences, and Polish'd Arts.
Yet disappointments, and Fantastic Ills,
Doth blast my hopes, and damp my rising Joys;
Despotic Love some time, with pleasing sway,
Has rul'd my Heart, and charm'd my tender Soul,
Kind Cloe *blest with all the Beauteous Gifts*
Of Lavish Nature, sooth'd my Lambent Flame.
But now, alas! her Native Innocence
And unexperienc'd Heart has been seduc'd,
To Crown with Smiles the Vows of Corridon.
Say, Youthful Bards, *shall I persisting seek,*
To gain my former right, or quit the Fair,
And strive for to Deface (if possible)
Her dear Idea from my longing Breast.

TORRISMOND.

A. Altho' Experience proves the Adage true,
Yet Sage Philosophers, as true, declare,
That from *Our-selves* most Misfortunes Spring,
Imagination makes those Discontents,
Which, we's Young *Conjurers* a Dæmon, raise,
Weak and unable afterwards to lay.
Perhaps your *Fancy*, not her *real Fault*,
Fair *Cloe*'s Innocence misrepresents.
For always *Jealousy*'s th' effect of Love,
And but a *kind of Jaundice* in the Soul,
Which grows Diseas'd, and then all Objects views,
Unicolor, and like it self, Diseas'd.
Cloe perhaps your Constancy wou'd try,
As doubtful Courage is by *false alarms*.
Therefore let Time and Patience Work th' event,
Women have all the *Stratagems* of War,
In which *promiscuously* their Lovers share.
Or else Indulgent Heav'n perhaps designs
A *Counter-Balance* to your happiness,
And wills that *Cloe* shou'd Inconstant prove,
To Temper *your Excess* of Common Bliss.
Therefore go on, the Chance of Love and War,
On *little Springs* of Fortune frequent turn,
And an *unthought-of* Circumstance of Fate,
Changes the Scene, and Crowns th' Unfortunate.

APOLLO.

Q. *Such vast Misfortunes, and at once,*
Sure never hap'd before;
Nor can the Fates *themselves denounce,*
'Gainst any Mortal more.

Last Week, the Cat *my* Squirril *seiz'd,*
My Pritty Fanny *Dy'd,*
My Monkey, *which above both plea's'd,*
Departed is beside.

Say, Ye bright Learned Sages, *now,*
And I'll adore your Shrine,
If any Comfort you'll allow,
To such a Grief as mine.

CLOE.

A. Alas Poor *Cloe*, here's a heap
Of Sorrows and Offences,
We think it strange, if thou canst keep
Beneath their Weight thy Senses.

Thy *Favorites* together lost,
Which gave thee all thy Joys;
The Pleasures which a Crown can boast,
Wou'd now appear but Toys.

Against your Grief, no other helps,
We can, but 'ith this supply;
You other *Squirrils, Monkeys, Whelps,*
May for Five *Guineas* buy.

Q. Gentlemen, *With all your Art,*
Pray tell, if you are able,
When any one doth let a F——t,
He quickly thumps the Table;
If any by do not Comply,
And Answer't to an Inch, Sir,
Then by Consent, his Punishment,
Is Doom'd to be a Pinch, Sir.

I'll Drink your Society's Health in a full Cann,
If you Answer this Query for your Honest Friend Vulcan.

A. By knocking under Table's shown,
Submission for his Crime,
The Other's by Complying, own,
He's Pardon'd for that time:
When Pardon's ask'd, a Gen'rous Mind
Forgives, but he that Flinches,
Is serv'd but rightly, in his Kind,
To have an Hundred Pinches.

Now

Now Toss off your Canns with a Whoop and (a Hallow,
To the Healths of the *QUEEN* and the *British* (*Apollo.*

Writ on the Backside of a Ticket for Elfrid, *or* The Fair Inconstant, *where* Tragedy *is Represented in a Weeping Posture, with this Inscription.*

Spero Meliora.

WEEP not, Dejected Fair, the Time draws (near
When *THOU*, again thy Drooping Plume shalt rear.
The *British* Genius will at length arise,
Proof against all the *SYREN's MELODIES.*
Thy Beauteous *ENERGY* must mount on high,
When *THEIR SOFT AIRS* shall unregarded Dye.
I SEE the Golden Hours run on apace,
Returning Bloom sits glowing in the Face,
And Crowds of Hero's fill thy long neglected (*SPACE*
The *THESPIAN CARR*, *TRIUMPHANT*, (Scow'rs the Plains,
Heroic warmth now strikes The *ENERVATE* (*SWAINS*,
For *TALBOT* holds the *STAFF* and *STRENU-* (*OUS HILL* the Reins.

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SIR,

THE Advices from the Camp before Doway, May the 1st. are, That the Horse under the Command of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough passed the Scarpe at Lelain, and those under Prince Eugene passed the Canal at Oby; That the former Encamp'd with the Right at the Village of Rache, and the Left at Bouvignies; and the latter with the Right at Oby and the Left at Rache; That that Morning Leiutenant General Cadogan was Commanded by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough to view the Plains between Lens and Esquerchies in order to Mark out a Camp for drawing up the Army in Line of Battel, as there may be occasion in Case the Enemy shou'd make any attempt to disturb the Siege; That the greatest part of the Heavy Artillery and Ammunition to be made use of in the Siege, is arrived at Ghent, and Measures are taken for bringing them thither for that purpose; That the dispoposition is making to attack the Place, and accordidgly the Troops have provided a great Number of Faschines and Gabions, and the next Night 'twas design'd to break Ground; That a Detachment of Eight Hundred Men of Prince Eugene's Army, Attackt that Morning the Castle of Ognenville near For d' Scape, into which the Enemy had put a Garrison of One Hundred Foot and Ten Dragoons, who after an Hour's dispute submitted themselves Prisoners of War; That Deserters from the Town report that the Troops of the Garrison want a great Number of their Officers; That we have Taken the Marquiss d' Broissa, Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons, with a Commander of one of the Batalions of Foot and Three Captains as they were attempting to get into the Town. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

Any Persons in Town may have these Papers brought to their Houses at 3 *s. per* Quarter, by directing to Mr. *Carter*, at the *Rose* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, Mr. *Bickerton*, at the *Rose* and *Crown* in *Little-Britain*, or to the Printer hereof, superscrib'd to the *British Apollo*. N. B. All that begin within the Quarter to pay on Quarter-day a Penny for each Paper they have had. All Questions to be directed in like manner, but none will be answer'd out of the Country, where Postage is not paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been so successful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Distempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Christopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight these Persons under-nam'd. *W. Jones*, at *Newington-Butts*, aged 20, born blind, restored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Robert Wedell*, in *Fishmonger's-Hospital*, *Newington*, aged 70, restored to Sight in 2 Minutes. *Mary Learing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75, restored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goswell-Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, restored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Will Dixon*, in *Chelsea-College*, aged 87, restor'd to Sight in 5 Minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron-Hill*, blind by Obstruction of the *Optick Nerves*, restor'd to Sight in a little time. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goswell-Street*. *Saywell Luthen*, at *Adam's Coffee-House Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal-Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Cross-keys* Tavern lower-end of St. *Martin's-Lane Strand*. Mr. *Godby*, Porter, near *Fishmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-Street*. *NOTE*, These Persons with 45 others have been all cur'd by the aforesaid Mr. *Grant* since *Sept.* 1708.

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